U. S. IN WAR MEET

COMMISSION NOW IN EUROPE FOR COUNCIL HEADED BY COL. E. M. HOUSE.

NOT TO BE PEACE CONCLAVE

Secretary of State Lansing Emphasizes Fact That Session Is to Be Essentially a War Conference.

Washington. — An American war board, headed by Col. E. M. House, chief unofficial counselor of President Wilson, and including in its personnel those at the head of various war activities of the United States, is now in Europe ready for participation in the conference of all the allies.

News of the safe arrival of the American commission abroad was followed by the issuance of a statement by Secretary of State Lansing, making public the make-up of the commission and the policies which will be followed by the representatives of the United States government when they participate for the first time in a general war council of the allies.

Personnel of Commission.

The American war commission consists of the following members:

Col. E. M. House, chairman, who will act as the spokesman of President Wilson on questions pertaining to the general policies of the conduct of the war.

Admiral W. S. Benson, chief of naval operations, U. S. N., who will participate in the formation of plans for the employment of the combined naval forces of the allies.

Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, chief of staff, U. S. A., who will give detailed information on the extent of military support the United States will be able to give next year.

Oscar T. Crosby, assistant secretary of the treasury, who will speak for the United States on questions of interallied war financing.

Vance C. McCormick, chairman of the war trade board, who will assist in planning a uniform policy in administering embargoes on exports and provisions against trading with the enemy.

Bainbridge Colby, member of the shipping board, who will report the amount of tonnage building and the amount that can be turned out next year.

Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, who, as a representative of Food Administrator Hoover, will co-operate with the commissioners of the allies in working out a uniform policy of food conservation and apportionment of American supplies to the European co-belligerents.

Thomas Nelson Perkins of the priority board, who will negotiate an agreement on a plan of giving preference to the shipment of vital necessities to the allies of the United States.

Gordon Auchincloss, son-in-law of Colonel House and assistant to Counselor Polk of the state department, who will serve as chief secretary of the commission.

Realize Lack of Unity.

Secretary Lansing's statement regarding the mission indicates conclusively that the nations fighting Germany realize that a lack of team work accounts for the reverses they have sustained and for the failure to cope effectively at all times with the well-organized German military machine.

Until the combined resources of the allies can be employed against Germany by a single directing agency, it is contended, there will continue to be waste of human lives and material, reverses at weak points and other misfortunes, all serving to postpone a decisive victory over the enemy.

Mr. Lansing stresses the fact that the conference is to be a war and not a peace conclave. He does not wish anyone to get the impression that the United States is thinking of peace while preparing to exert its utmost to defeat Germany on the field of battle.

The secretary's anxiety on this score is due to the speculation aroused by the announcement before American troops reached the firing line that Colonel House had been selected to prepare for the peace conference. Immediately reports gained circulation that President Wilson was expecting peace this winter and that he did not intend to send the American troops into action until all hope of a suspension of hostilities had disappeared.

"War Conference."

Secretary Lansing's statement follows:

"The conference is essentially a 'war conference' with the object of perfecting a more complete co-ordination of the activities of the various nations engaged in the conflict and a more comprehensive understanding of their respective needs in order that the joint efforts of the co-belligerents may attain the highest war efficiency.

"While a definite program has not been adopted, it may be assumed that the subjects to be discussed will embrace not only those pertaining to military and naval operations, but also the financial, commercial, economic and other phases of the present situation which are of vital importance to the successful prosecution of the war.

"There will undoubtedly be an effort to avoid any conflict of interests among the participants; and there is every reason to anticipate that the result will be a fuller co-operation and consequently a much higher efficiency and a more vigorous prosecution of the war.

"The United States, in the employment of its man power and material resources, desires to use them to the greatest advantage against Germany.

Problem No Easy One.

"It has been no easy problem to determine how they can be used most effectively, since the independent presentations of requirements by the allied governments have been more or less conflicting on account of each government's appreciation of its own wants, which are naturally given greater importance than the wants of other governments.

"By a general survey of the whole situation and a free discussion of the needs of all, the approaching conference will undoubtedly be able to give to the demands of the several governments their true perspective and proper place in the general plan for the conduct of the war.

"Though the resources of this country are vast, and though there is every purpose to devote them all, if need be, to winning the war, they are not without limit. But even if they were greater they should be used to the highest advantage in attaining the supreme object for which we are fighting. This can only be done by a full and frank discussion of the plans and needs of the various belligerents.

"It is the earnest wish of this government to employ its military and naval forces and its resources and energies where they will give the greatest returns in advancing the common cause.

To Stop Waste Energy.

"The exchange of views which will take place at the conference, and the conclusions which will be reached, will be of the highest value in preventing waste of energy and in bringing into harmony the activities of the nations, which have been unavoidably acting in a measure independently.

"In looking forward to the assembling of the conference, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is a war conference and nothing else, devoted to devising ways and means to intensify the efforts of the belligerents against Germany by complete co-operation under a general plan and thus bringing the conflict to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion."

Colonel House is the actual representative of the government of the United States; the others are merely his cabinet advisers. He had been preparing for this mission for weeks before there was an inkling that the president meant him to represent the United States at the conference, and it is understood that he personally chose delegates from the various departments.

There is no time set for the adjournment of the war conference. The very nature of the purposes that bring the representatives of all the allies together forbids a period being put to their labors.

May Remain Through War.

In some form the congress will remain during the entire war, for until Germany is beaten there will be the necessity of co-operation that can only be obtained by a permanent board.

If there had been such a board in existence, for it means the direction of the war by a central body in authority over all forces, Italy would not be struggling for her life, it is believed. Such a board would have vetoed the advance of General Cadorna so far into Austria that the Teutons could trap him, or if the strategy appeared sound, they would have arranged for supplies and support that would have protected him in the positions he won against the divisions Germany brought from the Russian and Roumanian fronts.

On the Wrong Side.

One of the shortest marriage ceremonies on record was that performed in Hartford City recently when a Fort Wayne soldier strolled into the office of a justice of the peace with his Montpelier bride and asked the justice of the peace to "tie them up," notes the Indianapolis News.

Standing the girl on the wrong side of the man, the justice told them to grab hold of hands, after which the ceremony proceeded as follows:

"Have this man?" the justice inquired of the woman.

"Yes," was her timid reply.

"Have this woman?"

"Yes," was the firm answer of the soldier.

"You're married," said the justice as he waited for his fee, forgetting to give the couple a certificate.

In a day or two the bride, accompanied by her mother, came back to the clerk's office for a certificate of marriage. They were directed to the justice's court.

The fact that the bride stood on the wrong side during the ceremony led spectators to wonder whether she would always be on the wrong side in the future.

One's Career.

Strictly speaking, every life is a career because it is a course that is run from start to finish, but as generally used the term implies an unusual life record, something exceptional and out of the ordinary, says a professor. Childhood is a period of life, but it is not a career. One's career is the life one lives and the record one makes whether it becomes known to the public or not. The term public career is applied to lives largely spent in the public service.

Freak Newspapers.

One of the most remarkable freak newspapers ever printed was the Luminara, published in Madrid. It was printed with ink containing phosphorus so that the paper could be read in the dark. Another curiosity was called the Regal, printed with non-poisonous ink on thin sheets of dough, which could be eaten, thus furnishing nourishment for body as well as mind. Le Bien-Etre promised those who subscribed for forty years a pension and free burial.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

HELEN HAS AN EVENTFUL EVENING OF STRANGE AND UNNERVING ADVENTURES

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mabel Herbert Urner

"Stop at the first subway station," instructed Warren, as he sprang into the cab and slammed the door after him.

"Oh, if we'd only got off before that phone rang! I'll feel so awkward going there alone." Helen drew her evening wrap closer about her bare shoulders. "I've never even met her."

"You've met him," impatiently. "Explain that I had a long-distance call at the last moment and had to go back to the office to send off some papers. Don't let them wait dinner—I'll be there as soon as I can."

Here the taxi drew up, Warren sprang out, repeated the address, "27 East —— street," to the driver, waved his hat to Helen, and disappeared down the subway steps.

Speeding on, Helen shrank farther back in the seclusion of the cab, intent on the ordeal before her. Although Mr. Gardner, who was one of Warren's clients, had dined with them several months before, Helen had never met Mrs. Gardner, which increased the awkwardness of her going alone.

That they were wealthy she knew, but she was not prepared for the pretentious mansion before which the cab finally stopped.

The massive bronze doors were opened by a gold-laced footman, and Helen found herself in a magnificent hallway hung with tapestries.

Warren had said that the Gardners lived rather well, but this palatial grandeur was most disconcerting.

Relieved of her wraps, with confused uncertainty Helen made her way up the marble staircase, at the top of which stood another liveried servant.

In the white and gold room beyond were a number of guests, the women brilliantly gowned. Anxiously Helen looked about for Mr. Gardner, her color deepening as she waited in shrinking embarrassment.

As another couple entered, the hostess, a tall woman in a marvelous jewel-sheen gown, detached herself from a chattering group and came forward. She greeted the newcomers, and then turned to Helen, extending her hand with murmured formality and a look of puzzled inquiry.

"I'm Mrs. Curtis," stammeringly. "Just as we started Mr. Curtis had a long-distance call from Washington, and had to go back to the office. He said he knew you'd pardon him—he'll be here before dinner's over."

"Oh, certainly," vaguely, passing on to greet other guests.

Everyone seemed to know everyone else. Only Helen stood in isolated consciousness. From the invitation she had thought it was to be an informal dinner party with only a few guests, but there were at least 50 people here now.

Talking with a group under a glittering chandelier, Mrs. Gardner kept glancing toward her. There was a haughty aloofness, almost hostility, in her gaze. Was it because of Warren's delay?

Now she had moved toward the door and was speaking to the footman. Instantly the man shot Helen a swift, suspicious glance.

What did it mean? What kind of a hostess was Mrs. Gardner so to isolate any one of her guests?

Here two servants entered, each with a large silver tray laden with cocktails. Not wishing to seem more conspicuous by refusing, Helen took one of the glasses, her hand trembling as she lifted it from the tray.

She was quivringly conscious that the doorman was watching her, and one of the guests to whom Mrs. Gardner was talking now glanced at her curiously. Flamingly bewildered and indignant, Helen stood in helpless confusion.

When the glasses were collected, returning hers untouched to the tray, she asked with low-voiced intensity, "Isn't Mr. Gardner here?"

The man stared, then passed on with a haughty, "I do not know, madam."

As he left the room he was stopped by the doorman. For a moment they stood in whispered conversation, and Helen, with anguished self-consciousness, knew that it was of her they were speaking.

The situation was unbearable. She would wait for Warren in the dressing room. She would make him take her home. Not even at the risk of estranging an influential client would she dine at this house.

With averted eyes Helen crossed the room, flamingly conscious of the curious glances that followed her. The attendant stood stiffly mobile as she passed him, but when she reached the stairs he was beside her.

"Pardon me, madam. Is there anything you wish?"

"I shall wait downstairs for my husband."

"Oh, I guess not," with a sneer, his respectful servility falling from him like a mask. "You're not expecting anybody here."

"What do you mean?" paled Helen.

Then, impelled by an unreasoning fear, she flew down the stairs and into the dressing room, but the man was close behind.

Pushing ahead, he spoke to the maid in voluble French. Then in brutal English, "Give her her things—and see that she takes nothing else."

The girl, staring insolently, brought Helen's wraps, which the flunky examined, running his hand in the inner white satin pocket of her coat.

"What does all this mean?" hysterically.

"Oh, come now, none of that! If you've pinched anything you got it down here, for I was wise to you the minute you came up."

"Send Mr. Gardner to me at once!" Helen almost screamed. "I'll know from him if stupid servants can insult his guests."

"Mr. Gardner?" leeringly. "So that's your game? Going to pretend you're in the wrong house?"

"Wrong house!" breathed Helen.

"Come now," roughly throwing her wrap about her; "That's too old! You're lucky you're getting off so easy, but Mrs. Van Klein don't want any newspaper publicity. You came near fooling her, because you didn't look the part. Now you make a quick get-away. Want a taxi?"

With a sobbing cry Helen broke away, and dashed down the wide hall toward the bronze doors, her wrap falling from her shoulders.

"Let me out! Oh, you must let me out!" wildly, for a footman, alertly suspicious, had placed himself obstructingly before the door.

"It's all right, Hopkins, let her out," called the man who had followed from the dressing room.

The door opened and Helen found herself stumbling down the steps under the wind-flapped awning.

As she gave one fearful backward glance, for an instant the gilt number "27" on the outer glass door held her petrified. The cabman had mistaken the slanted-top "one" for a "seven."

The lounging chauffeurs sat up in wondering attention as Helen flew by, her bare head, flowing wrap and white satin slippers an incongruous figure in the chill, mist-driven night.

Turning the first corner to more quickly escape, she sped down two long blocks before she stopped breathless, panting and still half-dazed.

Must she go back to "27?" That would be within a few doors of the other house. The thought made her sick with fear and revulsion.

It was the quiet dinner hour, and the streets were mostly deserted, but the occasional passerby stared at her curiously.

Pausing at a crossing, desperately she signaled an approaching taxi. She was too unstrung—she would go back home. But the cab drawing nearer, through the glass door she caught the gleam of a white shirt front and a high silk hat.

As the driver slowed up for the crossing, the door was flung open and the passenger sprang out. He was coming toward her. Terrified, she started to run—then stopped with a piercing: "Warren! Warren!"

The next moment he had her in the cab, where her taut nerves gave way. Striving vainly to calm her, Warren ordered the man to drive around the block.

With broken incoherence Helen finally sobbed out her story.

"Well, that was some adventure, Kitten," smoothing her hair with unaccustomed solicitude. "Too upset for the dinner? Want me to take you home?"

But with a throbbing lurch, the cab now drew up before "27," a modest brownstone house, very unlike the ostentatious mansion a few doors beyond.

"Come on," urged Warren. "You'll be better off here than brooding over it at home. We're pretty late, but I'll do the explaining."

"Oh, I'm all to pieces," tremulously. "I left my gloves—and look!" thrusting out a foot, its slender whiteness splashed with mud.

"Now, never mind about the slippers. And don't go sticking down your hair—leave it loose like that. Come on!" He had sprung to the curb and was lifting her out.

"That's the house—the one with the awning!" with a terrified glance at the pretentious entrance just ahead.

"Looks like Van Klein's new place. By George, that's what it is!"

"Van Klein?" excitedly. "That's the name! You know them?"

"Lunched with him Saturday. Guess I can fix this up," grimly. "Van Klein and his crowd want to keep in with me till they get their new franchise. You'll have a letter of apology from Mrs. Van Klein within a week or I'll miss my guess. Buck up now," briskly, as he helped her up the steps. "Think of the humble pie that 'umptious dame's got to digest!"

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 18

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—Ask and it shall be given unto you.—Matthew 7:7.

It was four months after Nehemiah learned of the desolation of Jerusalem that he had the opportunity to make known his request to the king. Just why he did not test the king's attitude toward him and his project earlier, we have no information. Perhaps there was no great function at which he was called upon to minister in this interval, or his turn of service had not arrived, or his duties were so exacting that no opportunity was afforded for him to unbosom his grief to the king.

I. Nehemiah's Request to the King (vv. 1-8). (1) Its occasion, v. 1. As cup-bearer he was ministering before the king. The cup-bearer was more than a mere valet. He entered very closely into the life's interests of the king, so that the inner life and spirit of the cup-bearer was known. It was expected of such servants that they manifest perfect happiness while in the presence of the king. To appear in his presence otherwise would likely be to the displeasure of the king. Nehemiah's sad countenance while thus serving awakened the king's suspicion. The matter was serious for Nehemiah was afraid under the circumstances.

(2) The king's inquiry, v. 2. The king perceived that Nehemiah's countenance was sad, though he was not sick, and he knew that something extraordinary had come into the life of his cup-bearer.

(3) The effect upon Nehemiah, v. 2. His heart was filled with fear. He did not know but what this impropriety was so great as to cause his dismissal. His fear was more than that of losing his position; to be dismissed from being cup-bearer would mean the loss of an opportunity to present his request to the king; and, without the king's sanction and aid, his enterprise would fail.

(4) Nehemiah's tactful reply, v. 3. He seeks to conciliate the king by expressing a deep interest in the royal life and person. He says: "May the king live forever," and then tells that the cause of his grief was the desolation of the city where his fathers were buried.

(5) The contents of Nehemiah's request, vv. 5-8. (a) To be sent to Judah to build the walls of Jerusalem, vv. 5, 6. This request virtually meant to be granted a leave of absence from the Persian court and to be appointed military governor of that part of the kingdom of Artaxerxes. The king, doubtless, saw that such a move would be of particular benefit to his kingdom politically, owing to the strategic position of Jerusalem, between Babylon and Egypt. In the case of the breaking out of hostilities between these powers, to have a fortified city in Palestine would be of immense importance. At the king's request, a definite time was set for this leave of absence, v. 6. He remained in Jerusalem for twelve years. A side light on the king's gracious attitude toward Nehemiah is given in this: "The queen also sitting by him." She is not named, but in all probability it was Esther.

(b) For letters to the governors beyond the river, v. 6. Doubtless the path of his journey was a dangerous one, and the travelers' safety depended upon having credentials from the king. These letters were more than mere credentials. They were orders for actually conveying him and his party to Judah. Ezra, years before, had desisted from asking a band of soldiers, but Nehemiah was free to ask such a favor. It was right in both cases, but not expedient in that of Ezra. Many problems are clear, if we distinguish between that which is lawful and that which is expedient.

(c) A letter of requisition for supplies of timber, v. 8. This timber was needed, first for the palace or castle, that is, for the fortress near the temple; second, for the walls and gates of the city; and third, for the king's official residence.

II. Nehemiah's Request Granted, v. 8. Nehemiah was a tactful diplomat. He exercised sound sense and prudence in all things, but he supremely depended upon God and prayed for God's disposal of the king's heart as he made his request known, v. 4. The king granted his request "according to the good hand of my God upon me," v. 8. He ascribes the success of his undertaking to God.

III. Nehemiah's Journey to Jerusalem, vv. 9-11. He journeyed from Shushan to Jerusalem under the protection of a military escort. This was of double value: protection and safety. When it was known that Nehemiah was undertaking this work with the consent of the king, Sanballat and Tobiah were greatly grieved. It always is a grief to the enemy when that which will further the interest of God and his people is being made to succeed. When he reached Jerusalem, he did not at once make his purpose known. He waited for three days and then viewed the situation at night.

The Easiest Way is the best way—

Why not progress with the times; why not eliminate with the drudge of Monday wash day and at the same time save expense?

CRYSTAL ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES

Are the highest types of Electric Washers. They do the work in half the time, do it better—safer and the cost of power is less than two cents per hour.

They come complete with a three way swinging type wringer and the one way continuous drive cylinder washes the clothes spotlessly clean without the "whip" that ruins them.

For Valuable Information Phone Market 5645—or write to the

Crystal Washing Machine Co.

Detroit, Michigan, Piquette Ave. near Woodward.

Cadillac Jewelry Shop

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry
Wedding Rings and Expert Watch Repairing

18 Mich. Ave., Detroit

WEST ART ASSOCIATION LTD.

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES

124 Grand River Ave.

G. A. R. Building, Detroit, Mich.

Charles C. Deuel Co.

75 Jones St., Detroit

Welding

Worthless Machinery Repaired
Work Guaranteed
Prices Reasonable

Detroit Theatres

Garrick

Harry Lauder, the spendthrift Scot, comes to the Garrick this week, November 12, on his annual farewell tour. He has several new songs to offer, among them, "I Love to Be a Sailor," "I'm Going to Marry Larry on the Firth of Jamgary," "I Think I'll Get Wed in the Summer," "The Waggle o' the Kilt," "We a' Go Hame the Same Way" and "The Lads Who Fought and Won." In addition he will make selections from his old favorites. In his company are the Arnaut Brothers, musical clowns; the Kitamuras, Japanese entertainers; Cleo Gascoyne, a diminutive prima donna; Adelaide Bell and Arnold Grazer in dances, and Francis Renault, an impersonator. There will be a large orchestra and, in addition, the Scottish Highlanders band, including a number of men who have been at the front, will be heard.

Adams.

Vaughan Glaser, Fay Courtenay and their company of selected players will present the sensational dramatic success, "Within the Law," for one week, commencing Monday night, November 12.

This will be Fay Courtenay's week, for the leading role is Mary Turner, a shop girl wrongfully convicted of theft. Sent to prison through her employer's harsh determination to make an example of her, Mary revolts against society; sharpens her wits on her sense of injustice, and returns to New York at the expiration of her sentence to direct a campaign of swindling and blackmailing—all within the law.

Commencing this week, the Adams theater will offer matinee performances Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, instead of Sundays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, as heretofore.

A Clean Sheet.

Portly Woman (pushing her way into a police station)—I see you have arrested a man whose mind is a blank.

Officer—We have, madam.

Portly Woman—Then please bring him out so I may have a look at him. My Henry didn't come home last night, and that's a fairly good description of him.—Puck.

Good Gifts.

The blessedness of giving is not limited to checks and bank bills. There are gifts that far transcend these—gifts of patience, sympathy, thought and counsel, and these are gifts that the poorest can give.—Lilian Whiting.

Hard at First.

Mrs. Wabash—Wasn't your first dollar the hardest to get? Mrs. Dearborn—Why, yes. After the first time it seemed easier to take 'em out of my husband's pockets when he was asleep.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Giddy Girl.

"Is your daughter of a practical turn of mind?"

"No; she is very frivolous. Wants to take cooking lessons instead of perfecting her game of bridge."—Exchange.